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Poetry.

EVENING ON THE HUDSON.

Soon hath departed her watch-tower on high,
The stars are all out in the beautiful sky;
Mellow beams up from the valley below,
On white harvest gleams like the wind-blown snow.
Her come-faded pines, cold, gloomy and tall,
In solitude guarding the shore on the hill;
Her fire-lights gleaming about the windows,
But lamps which the fancies have brought to the room.
Rickett dries out a monotonous song,
Hours as they movelessly settle along,
Her harp is croaking his burdensome strain,
Naking his plaint to the night air in vain.
Silent beside the murmuring brook,
He looks the lone, dark, and distant look,
For this moment the world had been dead,
The Sabbath of Nature! O, turn not away
Thy gaze to the rude Saturdays of Day.

The Hudson winds waveless and quietly,
Re the shallows at rest on its broad bosom lie,
Beyond the blue lines of the Kaatskill are spread
The forest of a dim and distant land;
A far hangs over it, hazy and bright,
A queenly star of evening, the glory of night,
Hath eyes that can see and will wander abroad,
Musingly gaze on this Temple of God!
The evening calm, and the dimness of heaven,
The shade and the sunshine alternately given,
A rest for the thoughtful, and Day for the glad,
A rest for the weary and sad;
The busy day hath drawn near to its close,
The heartbroken pilgrim shall part for repose,
The stars still beam forth from their regions of blue,
May this night be as calm and as tranquil as this.

MY MOTHER—A NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

A home near, and then has passed away
A year, with all its joys and woes,
To time and to eternity
Dead, but a record—ere it goes;
A record, written through and through,
Pages blotted by sin's dark cover,
Where some virtuous deeds illumine a few,
And spare our race to live a new-born year.
Grew these, dear mother, one more gem
To grace the crown of your long years,
A reward for virtue serves to stem
The flood of the recording angel's tears!
I scan in rapturous mood
Of your toils long-remembered memories press
To the hour, when first, to me, you stood
Beside me to dawn's consciousness.
Fitting deeds thy love has shrouded in gold;
The wealth of mine has long been hid from thee;
But a useless treasure, only told
In moments when the world gives up the key.
Then art in my thoughts, kindest and best!
To pen a note, or could, thy worth extol;
That thou art indubitably impressed
On the eternal tablet of my soul!

A hearty greeting of the season, Fate
The joy of giving these reluctant lines;
My heart no studied language wait
To utter all the grateful love it feels.

Agriculture.

Sloughs and Waste Lands.—Can any-
ing be a greater eye-sore to a good far-
mer than a strip of ground in the midst
of cultivated field, producing nothing but
luxuriant crop of weeds? In travelling
rough the country, one hardly passes a
ride where such a strip of ground, and
measures a dozen of them, will not be seen.
Here are sloughs, or low, wet ravines up-
on all our prairies. The water from the
glacial lands drains off by these sloughs,
and in the spring they are frequently too
deep to plough. The result is that they are
left to lie unimproved and produce a
crop of weeds, the seeds of which are
distributed over the whole farm by the
winds and birds.
All these sloughs and wet places will
reduce excellent grass. They can be
dug in the fall of the year and
sowed in the winter, and thus the land can
be turned to profit.

I sowed with timothy or red top a firm
will be formed which the water at the
end of heavy rains will be unable to break
up, and the crop weeds will be very con-
siderably diminished over the entire farm.
It costs too much to fence a farm where
water is so scarce as it is in Iowa, to suffer
any part of an enclosure to be unimproved.
Food farmers will turn everything to good
account, and they should not be indifferent
to the appearance of their farms.

—Iowa Farmer.

Sheep—Remedy for wounds.—Take the
excess of the elder tree, and make a strong
decoction, and wash the parts injured from
one to three times a day, and you will not
be troubled with flies or worms on the
wound. It also removes fever from the
wound, and is healing. This is a good
remedy undoubtedly, but it cannot be used
in winter—old ointment can be. Scrape
off the outer bark, and throw away, then
take the inner bark of elder sticks and
boil it in at the rate of a stout handful to a
pint of water. This will make an excellent
ointment. To make it a salve, add a little
tar, or resin, or beeswax, or both, enough
to make it sticky. It is equally good for
man or beast. An ointment made in the
same way with grated carrots instead of
elder bark, is equally good, some say better.

Selected Cate.

JANUARY BILLS.

The year 18—proved a very good year
for Mr. Archibald Lane. His business
steadily increased from the first of January,
and his profits were as fair as they had
ever been. Heretofore, his expenses had
kept so closely side by side with his in-
come, as to leave his mind oppressed with
care, and in some doubts as to future suc-
cess; but during 18—, all had been so brisk
in matters of trade, and so easy in matters
of money, that his mind was uniformly
cheerful, and sometimes elated. He felt
that at last, he was entering the way of
prosperity; a way he had so long been
seeking earnestly to find.

As the year drew towards its close, Mr.
Lane experienced a feeling of self-satisfaction
unusual at such times. A doubt as to
which would overbalance the other, his ex-
penses or his profits, had usually made the
last week of the year one of great solicitude
to Mr. Lane. In 18—, it was different.—
As the year waned, he had none of the old
feelings, for he was well satisfied that he
would have several hundred dollars on the
profit side of the account, above and be-
yond all expenses, something that had not
occurred in former years.

"If I have made both ends meet, I will
be satisfied," was his usual mental decla-
ration, when he proceeded to make up his
account for the year. It was different now.

"If I don't have five or six hundred dol-
lars over, I shall be much mistaken."—
This was the pleasant remark of Mr. Lane
to himself, as he began the work of ascer-
taining the result of his year's business.—
All came out pretty much as he had ex-
pected. There was a balance in his favor
of about six hundred dollars, after a liberal
margin had been allowed for certain bad
and doubtful accounts.

"Things begin to look a little brighter,"
said Mr. Lane, as he sat alone with his
pen on New Year's eve. The younger
children were in bed, and the two oldest
daughters, Kate and Emily, were out,
spending the evening with a friend. This
was said after taking a cigar from his
mouth, and letting the smoke curl lazily
about his head, which was reclining on
the back of a cushioned rocking chair.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," replied
Mrs. Lane. And she spoke from her heart.
New Year's eve had not always been a
cheerful time.

"I've been looking over my affairs to-
day," continued the husband, "and find
myself better off than I was at this time last
year, by at least six hundred dollars."

"That is encouraging."

"I feel it so. I trust things are to be
easier in future, and that we will get a lit-
tle beforehand in the world. It is time,
for I will soon be in years, and less able to
give active attention to business."

"I'm pleased on more than one account,"
said Mrs. Lane, "to hear that you have
done so well this year. I've been a good
deal worried to-day about a bill that I had
no idea would be half as large as it is. It
was sent in this morning."

"Whose bill is that?" asked Mr. Lane,
with an apparent change of feeling.

"Mr. Mercer's bill for dry goods."

"I didn't know there was a bill there."

"O yes. Don't you remember that you
told me to get whatever the family wanted
from him?"

"I didn't mean to run up a bill, though."

"It was so understood by me. But that
makes little difference. If the money had
been paid down, the cash would not be on
hand now."

"How much is the bill?"

"I'm much afraid to say."

"How much?"

"One hundred and thirty dollars."

"Why, Anna! Bless my heart! How
in the world could you run up a bill like
that?"

"I've bought very little for myself," re-
plied the rebuked wife, in a subdued and
choking voice. "Nearly all has been
used for you and the children."

"A hundred and thirty dollars! Oh,
dear! dear! dear!" ejaculated Mr. Lane,
throwing his cigar into the grate, and be-
ginning to rock himself violently. So much
of my six hundred dollars' profit
scattered to the winds! I wonder how
many more bills you will have coming in!"

This was downright cruel; and so Mrs.
Lane felt it. She did not, however, punish
him for the ungenerous remark with tears,
for she was not a woman disposed on all
occasions to give way to weakness. Her
reply was—

"None that the wants of the family have
not required to be made."

"But I wished you to pay cash, Anna.
You know that, last January, when we
were almost smothered with bills from all
quarters, we made a resolution to pay cash
for everything during the coming year;
and I thought this had been done."

"I know very well that such a thing
was talked about," replied Mrs. Lane;
"and I believe acted upon for a time—

And I also knew that you yourself told me
to open an account to Mercer's in the
Spring, when I asked you for money to
purchase summer clothing for the family."
"I didn't mean to have it go beyond
that," said Mr. Lane, modifying his tone.—
"But what other bills are there?"

"There is a bill at Cheeseman's for
groceries."

"That can't be much, for I have bought
almost everything in quantities."

"No, I don't suppose it will amount to
anything of consequence."

"Any other bills?"

"No; none, except the bread bill."

"I thought you paid cash for bread?"

"We never did that, Mr. Lane. The
baker serves us daily, marking on his tally-
stick the number of loaves; and once in
three or six months sends in the bills, when
it is paid."

"How long has his bill been running?"

"Six months, I believe."

"And will be forty or fifty dollars."

"Not half of it," replied Mrs. Lane.

"Well, what else is there?"

"Nothing more, I believe."

"I hope not. Here are about two hun-
dred dollars cut at a blow from the sup-
posed profits of the year. Confound these
bills! I wish there was no such thing as
credit."

Mr. Lane was, as a matter of course, im-
happy from that moment. Had these bills
not existed, and the surplus of the year
shown the pleasant aggregate of four hun-
dred dollars, he would have been quite as
happy as when he figured it up at six hun-
dred. But, in imagination, he had been better
off by two hundred dollars than the truth
now discovered him to be, and the loss was
felt as real. The remainder of the evening
passed gloomily enough. When Mr. Lane
retired to bed, he could not sleep for think-
ing of the dry goods, grocery, and bread
bills. While he thus lay awake, memory
assisted him to the knowledge of two or
three other little matters of the same kind.

There was an unsettled tailor's bill that
might take twenty-five or thirty dollars to
balance; and the boot-maker had something
against him. Two barrels of potatoes and
three barrels of apples that he had ordered
sent home in October, were yet to be paid
for. At least fifty dollars more of his
year's profits vanished.

At last, Mr. Lane fell asleep, and dreamt
all night of bills that came almost in a shower
around him. On New Year morning, he
sat silently and moodily at the breakfast-
table, eating but little, and looking no one
in the face. All were oppressed by his
state of mind, though none but his wife
knew its nature and the cause from which
it was produced.

It was early when Mr. Lane went to his
place of business, on the morning of the
first of January; not so early, however, but
that one or two persons had preceded him,
and left behind them visible tokens of the
fact. On his desk were a couple of sealed
notes. He opened them with a vague pre-
sentiment of something disagreeable, and
he was not disappointed. The first contained
a narrow slip of paper, with a printed
head, and certain written characters, and
figures below, which plainly enough ex-
pressed the fact that he was indebted to a
certain dealer in groceries in the sum of
seventy-six dollars.

"O dear!" was the mental exclamation
of pain that followed the perusal of this
bill. That a little piece of paper, three or
four inches wide and six inches long,
should have such power over the feelings of
a man.

The next billet was opened with a more
nervous state of mind. As he broke the
seal and displaced the envelope, another
narrow piece of paper, folded over from the
ends in three sections, dropped upon the
desk. It was the bread-bill for six months,
and called for forty-four dollars and ten
cents.

Is it possible? Too bad! too bad! too
bad! I had no idea of this."

Thus the unhappy man expressed his
feelings. While yet holding this bill in his
hand, a card entered the store; and com-
ing back to the desk where he sat, politely
handed him an ominous piece of paper,
and retired. He opened it, and read—

"Mr. Archibald Lane—Bought of" &c.

The particulars were, an air-tight stove,
a fire-board, etc., in all, amounting to
fifty-five dollars. Though the genial heat
from the air-tight stove had comforted Mr.
Lane every evening since it came home,
and he had enjoyed the improved cook-
ing of the new addition to the kitchen de-
partment, he had entirely forgotten that the
bill for those increased advantages had
never been settled.

"I declare!" he exclaimed, half aloud,
and striking the desk as he spoke. "How
came I to forget that bill! I meant to
have paid it when the articles came home,
and told Jenkins to send it in."

Soon after this, Mr. Lane's young man
came in from the post-office. There were
three letters, each with the city post-mark,
and each with a bill inclosed. One, the
tailor's bill, called for forty-eight dollars;
another, from a hatter, and demanded
fifty; and the third came from a jobbing
carpenter, who had been called in at sun-
dry times to mend and make, and asked for
the sum of twenty-three dollars, ninety-two
cents.

Mr. Lane read them over, and then
placed them under a paper-weight on his
desk, uttering at the same time, a long
drawn sigh.

The morning paper was yet unread.
It lay upon the desk beside Mr. Lane; and,
from habit more than from any desire to
know its contents, he opened it, and com-
menced reading. An occurrence of some

interest had taken place in a neighboring
city; and he was in the midst of a narra-
tive of the event, and much interested in
it, when he started and turned quickly at
the sound of a voice near him. A man had
entered, and was standing at his elbow.

"Good morning, Mr. Lane," said the
man.

"Good morning, Williams," returned
Mr. Lane. "Can I do anything for you to-
day?" he added, in a tone of assumed cheer-
fulness.

"Not much," said the visitor, remain-
ing his hat as he spoke, and taking therefrom
a small package of papers, which he com-
menced turning over.

"You haven't a bill against me?" Mr.
Lane spoke confidently.

"What do you call that?" replied the
man, as he drew a slip of paper from the
package in his hand, and presented it.

"One barrel of flour; five hams; a bush-
el of corn meal; and a sack of salt. Bless
me! Didn't I pay for these at the time?"

The man smiled, and shook his head.

"Why, it's nine months since I made
the purchase! And I'm certain I told
you to send in the bill. I never like small
matters of this kind to stand."

"It's been overlooked. But the money
will be just as good now," was the pleas-
ant answer.

With as good a grace as it was possi-
ble for him to assume, Mr. Lane turned to
his desk, and drawing forth his pocket-
book, counted out thirteen dollars; saying,
as he did so—

"The next time I make a bill at your
store, I wish you to send it in before the
first of January."

"I won't promise," was good-humoredly
replied, as the man bowed and withdrew.

The pleasure was all on his side, and he
could afford to be in the good humor.

"I hope that's the last," said Mr. Lane,
as he wound the string of his great pocket-
book around and around its distended
sides, and then laid it carefully back in his
desk. But he was in error. Ere the day
passed, his locomotive came in his bill,
amounting to fifteen dollars; and from a
ladies' shoe-maker came a like token,
loaded up with the sum of twenty dollars
more. An upholsterer had been called upon
to make a chamber carpet, and do
sundry little matters about the house, dur-
ing the year; and he called for eight dol-
lars and thirty-four cents. Then the job-
bing cabinet-maker had his account to
settle with Mr. Lane, for sundry applica-
tions of his art to broken backed chairs,
trunks, and other matters of the kind, for
all of which he demanded sixteen dol-
lars. Thus it went on, hour after hour,
until towards evening. The gazer called
for two dollars and a half; the tinner pre-
sented a bill for five dollars; and the gas-fir-
ter for eight.

By this time, human patience, at least
so far as Mr. Lane was concerned, had be-
come well-nigh exhausted. He felt like
making a very severe application of his
foot to any man or boy who might again
invade his premises with a bill. He was
sitting at his desk, in this very miserable
mood, with the bills he had received since
morning spread out before him, and a slip
of paper in his hand, upon which the whole
of the sums they called for, amounting to
four hundred and sixty-nine dollars and
eighty-six cents, had been added up, when
he heard the door open and shut. Turn-
ing, with a nervous start, he saw the fa-
miliar face of an old negro who had pol-
ished his boots for the last half dozen years.

He knew his errand, and felt that this
was like adding insult to injury. Peter came
shuffling back towards the desk at which
Lane remained seated with contracted
brows, revealing, at each step, more and
more of his polished ivory.

"Little bill, massa Lane," said the ne-
gro, producing, as he spoke a dirty piece
of paper.

This was too much. It was an ordeal
beyond what overtaxed patience could bear.

"Clear out you black rascal!" exclaimed
the sufferer, in passionate voice. "If you
say bill to me I'll cut your ears off!"

Such an unexpected reception from "Mas-
sa Lane," who had been looked upon by
Peter as one of the most amiable men in the
world, completely astounded the poor ne-
gro, and he beat a hasty retreat, glanc-
ing back every now and then to see if an ink-
stand or paper-weight were not advancing
in the direction of his head with some thing
like lightning speed.

To sudden storms, there always follows
a deep calm. By the time Peter had van-
ished through the door, retiring at a veloci-
ty which could not have been greatly in-
creased had a pack of wolves been at his
heels, Mr. Lane's mind was tumbling back
from its state of uncontrollable excitement.
Laying his face down upon his desk, he
sighed heavily. Mortification took the
place of irritation; and anger against him-
self was succeeded by anger against him-
self.

"Ah me! I was breathed forth heavily, at
last; and raising himself up, he gathered
together the bills that were spread out be-
fore him, and thrusting them in the desk, turned
the key with a firm hand, making the
lock click as the bolt sprang to its place.

When Mr. Lane went home that even-
ing, his mind was calm. He had passed
through a day of sad trial and disappoint-
ment; but he knew the worst, and was
prepared for it. When the milk bill, mil-
liner's and mantua-maker's bills and sun-
dry other little bills were laid before him,
he exhibited no emotion. They were to
his feelings like a gentle breeze after a
violent tempest. But on one thing he was
resolved; and that was to pay cash in
future for everything.

"There must be no January bills next
year, said he to his family, after he had
looked at the sum to pay long enough to
be able to speak on the subject without
visible emotion. "Let cash be paid for
everything in the time to come. If the
money isn't in hand when the want presents
itself, let the want wait!"

This was a good resolution. But did
Mr. Lane and his family abide by it?—
Next January will tell.

Miscellaneous.

Visit to Rhode Island—Things about Providence and Newport.

EDITORS OHIO CULTIVATOR.—I lately
made a trip to Rhode Island; from Ston-
ington to Providence the railroad goes over
marshy, sandy land, with ponds, inlets of
the sea, and villages and sail craft in the
perspective; but the soil is too deficient in
vegetable remains to grow the tall soft de-
ciduous trees, so common to the wet lands
in Ohio. Providence is a fine large city
in a desert, but the hand of man has here and
there made patches among the sand hills
to blossom as the rose. Farther north all
is rock and detritus, but the cars overflowed
with neat well-dressed women and children;
here on the next seat, where two young wo-
men with large gold ornaments pendant
from their ears; they were employed in a
large jewelry shop in Providence, and they
were now going to stay over and rusticate
the blessed Sunday at their granite home.

Our whole land seemed to be way-passen-
gers, living in the numerous thriving man-
ufacturing villages, which contrast beauti-
fully here, with the general sterility that fills
up the interstices between them.

Here are no forest trees, to vie with
those of the great alluvial west; but the
whole country is half covered with open
woods of small scrub oaks, poplar, and
staring pines, interlaced with the wild
grape vine. But "as the hart pants after
the water of the brooks," so do the fair
Yankees here after the beauties of the ve-
getable creation; almost every house has
windows or piazzas studded with exot-
ic house plants; even the orange, lemon, and
fig tree, are here in tubs; the fruit and flow-
ers of the former were now beautifully
bleeding in tropical fecundity.

But not until I reached my native town,
Newport, a *mes potence*, as the French say,
did I see a spot wherein insoluble silex did
not over preponderate—here the disinte-
grated graywacke slate rich in alumina, to-
gether with rich vegetable, calcareous, and
other matter from the sea, had made up a
sandy soil, which, under the influence of the
splendid new mansions "made no
war," as Dickens says, on the market gar-
dens for here is ample room for them both;
and I trust and hope from the bottom of
my heart, it will long before the brick
and mortar of a commercial city, will mar
the true harmony of these pleasant places.

It was comfortable here to bathe at early
dawn in *purus naturalibus*, before the con-
ventional hours, in the stimulating salt sea,
as it broke on the hard sand beach; and
while in the last 40 years every thing hu-
man had so changed, faded or passed
away; to have once more in the same all
rolling breaker on whose "mane I once
delighted to be," I could but feel impressed
with the great omnipresence of that nature
which never dies.

At the south-east part of the town the
fine simple of the fine headlands is now in
wealthy strangers, whose alternate cottages
and mansions, built or in progress, give an
earnest of the *rus in urbe* on a scale of sylvan
and horticultural magnificence and beauty,
which will forever redeem the character of
the man from the aristocracy of his wealth.

In these new streets the white clover and
poa pratensis, unmolested by the poor man's
cow, is now growing luxuriantly under the
influence of this cool, moist atmosphere.—
Here, it is true, there is no mountain scen-
ery, but the matchless bay with its denuded
rocks and picturesque islands on the one
hand, and the infinite ocean on the other,
which is now in this calm summer's day
ralling its tall ground swell on ledge and cliff
and sea beach, where it breaks in wreaths
of snow-white foam, giving forth a reverber-
ation, which is stilled only by the advent
of the wind and the noisy tempest. If, as
it is here said, Newport is the paradise
of the fish-eating gormand, and the ichthy-
ologist; there is perhaps no other spot in
so high a latitude, so rich in marine flora
and conchology. Here, during the long
northern-eastern of winter and spring, the
estuaries and beaches from Point Judith
to Sogonate rocks, are strewn with rich
marine treasures fresh from ocean's bed,
from the coarse gulf weed, the elegant
broad serpentine ribbon weed, to the finest
filaments of the variegated sea flower, to-
gether with shells smooth and striated,
and the tiny crustaceans, also enveloped in
the vegetable mass brought to shore by the
mountain wave and terrific breaker.

Having received the kindest welcome
by my next of kin, and my other precious
friends of Newport, I can only speak from
report of the now overflowing life at the
great hotels here. At 10 o'clock, every
day morning, the beach is covered with a
living multitude, in omnibuses, in carriages,
on horseback and on foot; here are "fair
women from every clime where woman
smiles or sighs," now in the little bathing
houses, and now in bathing hat, and gorm-
andol of fancy cut and many colors; now tread-
ing the hard packed magnificent sand beach,
and now sporting in the rolling surf; often
accompanied with those of the other sex less
Neptune daring than themselves.

On my way home I was sorry to hear it
remarked by some of our steamer's passen-
gers, in no charitable spirit, that at their
great hotel the genus *parence* was in multi-
tudo variety. In this era of progress
and California gold, when so many are sud-
denly rich, what right have we to expect
it to be otherwise, at least at those great
pleasure seeking public places of resort.—
If wealth brought with it that true wisdom
and self-denial, which is now only the fruit
of much labor, long suffering and trial,
riches would, methinks, be so eagerly
sought for as to endanger the integrity of
our social system, and then all our religion
would be vain! But there is perhaps no
place of summer resort for health and com-
fort, where the greatest and best of the
laud are found in greater number than at
Newport. They come and sojourn here, to
enjoy the cool sea breezes, the inimitable
scenery, the tides, the sailing, fishing,
bathing, &c. Such are not the men to
"live on bread alone," they come not here
to pamper or exalt the creature; for no
where else perhaps is the reflecting man so
often reminded of his own finite nothing-
ness, if he only gives himself up to listen
to that great omnipresent nature, which is
here in living panorama, to teach him so
many lessons of humanity.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS,
Waterloo, N. Y., September 2, 1853.

A Story for the Boys.

Business called me to the United States
Land Office. While there, a lad appar-
ently about sixteen or seventeen years old,
came in and presented a certificate of pur-
chase of forty acres of land. I was struck
with the countenance and general appear-
ance of the lad, and inquired of him for
whom he was purchasing the land? The
reply was, "For myself, Sir." I then in-
quired where he got the money? He an-
swered, "I earned it." Feeling, then, an
increased desire to know something more
about this lad, I asked him whether he had
any parents, and where they lived? At
this question, he took a seat, and gave me
the following narrative:

"I am from New-York State. I have
four brothers and two sisters. I am the oldest child.—
Father is a drinking man, and often would
return from his day's work drunk, and not
a penny in his pocket. Finding Father
would not abstain from liquor, I resolved
to make an effort, in some way to relieve
mother, sisters and brothers from want.—
After revolving things over in my mind,
and consulting with mother, I got all the
information I could about the far West,
and started from home for Wisconsin, with
ten shillings in my pocket. I left home
on foot. After spending my ten shillings,
I worked my way to Wisconsin. Here I
got an axe, and set to work, cleared land,
earned money, saved it, until I gathered a
hundred dollars, and with it I now pay
for this forty acres of land."

"Well, my good lad," (for by this time
I became much interested in him,) "what
are you going to do with the land?"

"Why, Sir, I will continue to work,
raise myself a log house, and when pre-
pared will invite father and mother, brothers
and sisters, to come and enjoy this home.
The land I designed for my mother, which
will secure her from want in her declining
years."

"What," says I, "will you do with your
father, if he continues to drink ardent
spirits to excess?"

"Oh, Sir, when we get him on the farm
he will feel at home; he will be happy at
home; he will work at home; and become
a sober man."

I then replied:—"Young man, these
being your principles so young, I recom-
mend you to improve on

RAILROADS.

"Wherever railroads have been built in this country, the inevitable consequence has been to enhance the value of property in the neighborhood. Depots have been established along the lines for the reception and shipment of freight, and from these simple depots flourishing towns have grown up, magic-like, and anomalous as it may appear, but in few instances without producing any diversion of trade from one place to another, seeming rather to create of themselves business for themselves—thus, by facilities of communication adding to population, and by population adding to the wealth and prosperity of the country."

The above comes from the Cincinnati Railroad Record, a paper posted up in all matters relating to American Railroads, and published in a city that is the centre of roads running in all directions, and which are adding materially to the wealth and prosperity of the West. We might quote from papers printed in other sections, of the advantages derived by all branches of business by the opening of railroads, but it would only be so many different ways of expressing the same thing—that railroads create of themselves business for themselves, add to the value of land, open new sources of wealth, give the farmer a market at his own door, extend commerce, build up towns and increase the prosperity of every section brought under their influence.

A table recently published, illustrates this in giving the value of a ton of Corn and a ton of Wheat at a given distance from market, as effected by the cost of transportation by railroad, and over the ordinary road. From this table it appears that a ton of corn is estimated not to be worth hauling, by wagon, when 170 miles from market; while at the same distance upon a line of railroad it would be worth \$22.20. A ton of wheat 230 miles from market is not worth the hauling by wagon, but by railroad it would be worth \$44.50. This in itself shows the relative value of railroads and the old means of transportation. And on this Island results in precisely the same ratio would follow if a road was once opened to traffic. As it is now, the farmer plants no more than experience teaches him the market, or as it is offered to him, requires. And when he gathers in his produce it has to be hauled to market in carts, at a considerable cost, reckoning time and labor and the expense of keeping teams for the express purpose, and after all this has been done, he is in a measure dependant upon a limited demand. But open the road to him and he may plant and raise as much as he has room for. And when his crops are gathered in and his stock is ready for market, he has only to look over his paper to learn the ruling prices, and send his produce to the market. A road, as he may see fit to decide. The railroad has opened to him a market, and the time once spent in peddling his crops can be judiciously employed in preparing for another season. Nor is this all; the road has increased the value of his land materially, and articles that were once counted unprofitable or not worthy of attention, are found to be in demand, and if sent to market by the railway will pay all the cost of production and leave a handsome margin.

The question arises: Are we to have a railroad to connect this island with the mainland, and if so when and how is it to be built? A considerable portion of our columns to-day we devote to an account of the shipwreck of the steamer San Francisco, which is one of the most appalling scenes we remember ever to have read of. No one who was not imprisoned in that helpless wreck can for a moment conceive of all the horrors of such a situation—the ocean lashed into the wildest fury, the mad waves exulting over their work of destruction, the dead and the dying spread on every side, with no hope, powerless and expecting that every surge of the sea would swallow them up in its dark waters—who can understand a scene so agonizing and overpowering.

Vessels are often lost at sea and all on board perish, but the terrible effects of the storm and all the scenes enacted on board that ill-starred steamer for fourteen days and nights, are described in a manner that will convey to the reader some impression of the distress and suffering experienced and borne by men, women and tender babes. The rescued passengers and crew have been cared for by the citizens of New York. Hotels and private dwellings have been liberally thrown open to all who saw fit to avail themselves of the proffered hospitality, and they have been made as comfortable as can be for persons in their distressed situation.

The subject of the loss of the San Francisco has been brought before Congress in a proper manner, and it has already been proposed that the officers and soldiers receive from the treasury four months' pay and their allowance for that time; and it has been left to a committee to decide upon the most appropriate mark of the public admiration of the conduct of the officers of the Three Bells, Antarctic and Kilby, in rescuing their fellow citizens from a watery grave.

We learn that the owners of the Brig Cardiff, recently condemned and sold at Wilmington, N. C., have purchased at Boston, the new Schooner John Pierce, of 200 tons burthen. She was built by Messrs. John Pierce & Co., of Belfast, Me., of Hackensack, (P. P.) & Co.; has a superior model, and is in every respect a very desirable vessel. The John Pierce will be commanded by Capt. S. T. Merrill, whose successes entitle him to as good a craft as can be obtained.

The news by each steamer confirms the impression that the Chinese Insurgents are likely to prevail in all their principal movements, to the ultimate overthrow of the Tartar dynasty. They have obtained possession of Shanghai with but little sacrifice, and a small band of Insurgents within the walls are more than a match for the thousands of besiegers, and have repelled their attacks for five weeks. It is said the number of imperialists assembled before the city walls was not less than 5000, but they are disheartened by the success of their enemies and do not come to the work with any degree of spirit.

The Christian Insurgents—for so they are styled—are popular wherever they obtain the ascendancy, they are well supplied with funds and rice, their numbers are already formidable, and the North China Herald says that the *de facto* government of China has passed from the Tartar dynasty.

The accounts of the tactics of the opposing parties are somewhat amusing, as will appear from the following specimen from the Shanghai paper:—

One day last week, we learn from very credible authority, a part of the imperialists were decoyed into the city of Shanghai, by the east gate having been purposely left open, and a musician placed in an attractive position over the gate, playing on a kind of fiddle or guitar.

On seeing the enemy enter, the man feigned surprise, but instantly recovering himself, he said to them, "Oh! come along, the soldiers have all fled." The enemy hearing this, rushed forward up the street, when the Insurgents immediately closed the gates and placed cannon in front, and raked the street so effectively that the imperialists were obliged to fly into the open houses and by streets, where they were instantly attacked by well armed men, who put to death or took prisoners the whole detachment. It is supposed that the twenty five men who were decapitated on Sunday last, were a portion of the force thus cleverly entrapped within the city.

The Insurgents, however, are sometimes equally well caught. An old woman who kept an opium shop, enticed eighteen men into an upper room, outside the city wall, and when her victims were stupefied with the noxious fumes, some armed men entered and killed the poor wretches thus cruelly exposed to their attack.

The London Examiner publishes an article on the pauper population of England and Ireland, going to show that the number of persons requiring relief has greatly diminished during the last year, and that this falling off is no less than 22 per cent., and adds:—"the most effectual cause for the depletion of work-houses, is the growing demand for labor, while emigration has reduced the number of hands." This more favorable state of things refers more particularly to Ireland, though England has been considerably benefited in this respect. But while our trans-atlantic neighbors are relieved of a great burthen, those who have quit the work-houses and would not or could not find employment at home, have landed on our shores, benevolent to be supported by the country. A good class of honest, industrious emigrants cannot fail to make themselves acceptable to a country possessing large and uncultured tracts of land, but a pauper population infest our cities, living as they may, appealing to the charity of the community, doing much harm to society and productive of no good.

It was not many years ago that a beggar in America was a sight rarely to be seen. It is different now, as every one knows who is familiar with the sights and scenes in New York. These paupers—all foreigners—are seen in Broadway, the narrow and dark cross streets, along the piers and docks, seated on the walks and steps of public buildings—all wearing a woe-begone expression as they extend their hands in supplication for a pittance. An American is never seen in this degrading position.

SOCIAL ETYKA.—The New York Herald says there are six thousand persons in that city who subsist upon the public charities, in addition to which there are probably ten thousand more, the victims of poverty and wretchedness, who are entirely dependent upon private charity or benevolent societies. This statement does not take into consideration the thousands of both sexes, who, between pride and want, are starving by slow degrees in unventilated garrets and mephitic cellars; nor the twenty thousand abandoned females of the modern Gotham. The Herald simply takes the list of those dependent from day to day upon public or private charity for their existence, and significantly asks abolition philanthropists if there is anything in the South to compare with such a dismal army of paupers?

Farmers should sow plenty of spring wheat, and plant any quantity of Indian corn. The Baltic and Black seas will certainly be closed for at least a twelve month. England and Western and Southern continental Europe will have to look to the United States alone for a supply of breadstuffs, hitherto obtained from those seas.

A very interesting geological fact, if the truth of it be confirmed, is the recent discovery in the Suabian Alps, of a number of perfect human skulls, in the same formations that exhibit the remains of the mammoth. This would seem to establish that man existed at the same period with the mastodon and other of the huge antediluvian animals.

At the Annual Meeting of Engine Co. No. 4, held January 10th, 1854, the following officers were elected:—Smith Bosworth, Capt.; Daniel Cook, 1st Assistant; John Wilson, 2d; Wm. Allan, Clerk.

The editors and proprietors of the newspapers of Western Massachusetts, talk of holding a convention. One great subject of discussion will be the adoption of the exclusive cash system.

The New Bedford Mercury states that drafts were received in that city on Tuesday and Wednesday, from the whaling fleet, to the amount of nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

MAYOR CALVERT'S LECTURE.

The second of the course of lectures in aid of benevolent objects, was delivered on Thursday evening at the Atlantic House, by Hon. Geo. H. Calvert—subject, Socialism. The night was dark, though it did not storm, as was feared, and the house was well filled by an appreciative audience.

The subject was not finally treated last night, the speaker stating that it would require a course of lectures to present all the different points from which it should be viewed; but so far as he followed out the theory of the Socialist, he divested it of many of those objectionable features which have done so much to bring it into disrepute. We have never objected to the broad principles of a socialistic doctrine, as we understand them, for they are founded on love of man to man, as well as love of man towards his Maker; to do good to all men, seek the happiness of our fellows as well as our own and share in common all things that we possess—having one common center, the elevation of man and the development of all his faculties, moral and physical. However desirable this may be and however it may accord with the doctrines of the scripture, we feel that it is impracticable to any extent in this selfish age. Once raise the great mass of men from their moral degradation, give them a sense of what is required in that position of life in which it has pleased God to call them, and when they are taught to act up to these life-giving principles, the Socialist will have attained his end and at the same time we shall have the millennium on earth.

But we are not now disposed to discuss the theory of the Socialist; it has its attractions and may yet be more widely extended, but not until man has made a very decided advance towards a more elevated position, can he combine with his fellows for mutual aid and improvement. The view of man's earthly condition presented last night was drawn from actual observation; every one felt its truth, and while we deplored the predominance of evil over good, we could not but enjoy a fleeting glance of the picture of society as it would be—and we may add, as it might be—if our moral nature was more elevated in its tendencies, and our view of our duties to God and man was more expansive.

In describing the workingman of this age, the lecturer spoke with the feeling of one who truly sympathizes with those who have to devote all their energies to secure the means to restore the physical strength wasted day by day, without having it in their power to improve their intellectual tastes and enjoy the blessings of life. This he contrasted with the life of the drone, and how immeasurably superior the former appeared as he presented the two, only those can tell who listened to his eloquent discourse. The whole address was brilliant, and was delivered with force, and in a clear and impressive voice. We have not room or time to speak of the different points presented during the evening; they were confined to what the audience understood, and we have reason to know that the audience was delighted, which of itself is the greatest compliment that could be paid the lecturer.

Last Sunday night a number of young thieves broke into one of the stores on the head of Long Wharf and robbed it of India Rubber to the value of three or four hundred dollars. They forced the door open and one managed to get in and then passed the rubber out to his confederates, who bagged the game. The next morning they proceeded with it to Providence in a small boat, where they offered it for sale at 124 cents a pound; the real value was about 50 cents to the pound. This excited suspicion and two of the number were arrested, giving their names as Barker and Reed and that of their companion, as Case. The officer brought them to Newport and last evening Case was arrested. The whole of the stolen property has been recovered.

The City Council of New Bedford, have decided not to light the city with gas any longer, unless more satisfactory arrangements can be made with the Gas Works Company, but to return to the use of oil on account of the greater expense of the former.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

The Illustrated Record of the New York Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations: Geo. P. Putnam & Co., New York. C. E. Hammond, Jr., Newport. A quadruple number, containing parts No. XIX, XX, XXI and XXII is received, and it is every way the finest specimen of this work that we have yet seen. The illustrations equal anything that has appeared in the London Art Journal, in artistic feeling and mechanical execution, and we turn over one page after another with pride and pleasure to see what success has attended the labors of the designer. The whole cost of the Record exceeds thirty thousand dollars, and some of the issues have been attended with an expense of two thousand dollars. Every article has been beautifully printed, and accurately drawn on wood by the best artists in the country, and engraved by the best workmen without regard to expense, and all this is done solely at the cost of the publisher. The cost of the Record is covered by a very large sale.

The reading matter in these numbers is very interesting. Some of the longer articles—that, for instance, on the Fresh Light and on Glass—are elaborate and thorough treatises, embodying nearly all the facts known on the subject to which they relate. The Illustrated Record will be a valuable work long after the exhibition closes.

Hand's Merchant's Magazine.—The January number is before us—it is the opening one of the 30th volume of the Commercial Review. The embellishment is a half-length engraving of the late Hon. James G. Thompson, by a master hand, and of great interest and encouragement, especially to the young. The most important article in the number is on the Commercial and Political relations of Japan with the rest of the world. It is from the pen of Wm. A. Bradford, Esq., and the principal facts in regard to the history, character and commerce of the Japanese are drawn from the works of Knapik, Siebold, Mac Farlane and other authors, and after reviewing the evidence, the writer comes to the conclusion that "the trade with Japan does not promise great results." He says that "the Dutch factory holds no larger part of it to the government."

A statistical review of the Cotton trade is furnished by Messrs. Deane & Co. of South Carolina College, and Mr. J. A. Bradford, Esq., and the principal facts in regard to the history, character and commerce of the Japanese are drawn from the works of Knapik, Siebold, Mac Farlane and other authors, and after reviewing the evidence, the writer comes to the conclusion that "the trade with Japan does not promise great results." He says that "the Dutch factory holds no larger part of it to the government."

Norfolk's Literary Register.—The volume for 1854, is received, and placed where it can always be referred to at a moment's notice. We find in it a sketch of several prominent Literary Associations in this country and Europe, with views of the officers. Also a report of the Librarian's Convention, Librarian's Association, and the Librarian's Association, compiled with great care and accuracy, and is entitled to a place in every library.

STEAMER SAN FRANCISCO, LOST!

After a painful suspense of several days, we have received news of the fate of the steamer San Francisco, and those who left New York in her for California. The British ship Three Bells, Capt. Creighton, arrived Friday night, with the sad intelligence of the total loss of the San Francisco, with about two hundred lives, and the joyful news of the saving of over five hundred—officers of the army, their wives, passengers, soldiers, and officers and crew of the steamer.

The details of this terrible disaster are given in the following

STATEMENT BY ONE OF THE PASSENGERS.

On Monday, December 21, the troops, consisting of eight companies of the Third Regiment of Artillery, were embarked from steamtugs on board the steamer, then anchored in the North River. They numbered, rank and file, some five hundred men. The officers, with their families, together with the soldiers' wives and families—a certain portion of whom were allowed to each company—brought up the number to about six hundred. There were twenty or thirty other passengers. The crew numbered from one hundred to one hundred and fifty; so that, all told, we were between seven hundred and fifty and eight hundred souls on board.

On Wednesday morning the steamer dropped down to the Quarantine, and anchored for the night. On Thursday, the 23d, after having been detained for two or three hours, waiting for a dilatory officer, she weighed anchor about 10 o'clock, and stood out to sea. At 12 passed Sandy Hook, and discharged our pilot.

Our voyage was now fairly commenced. A succession of constantly recurring and oft-repeated delays had delayed our departure week after week, and month after month. At last every obstacle had been overcome, and the gallant ship, with her head pointed to the southwest, moved steadily, though not swiftly, on her course. She was deeply laden—far too deeply, as the result proved. Her engines were new and untried, and the strain upon them great. Thursday was a lovely morning, the sea calm and smooth, with gentle breezes from the northwest. Whatever gloomy forebodings might have existed, seemed quelled by so fair a passage.

Friday morning, the 23d, rose brightly on our course. We had entered the Gulf Stream, and the weather, which yesterday had been chilly, and caused the ladies and children to gather about the stove, had become mild. The wind still from the northwest, with sea enough to cause the dinner table to be comparatively deserted. The day passed without incident of any kind, and gave no presage of the awful disaster so soon to follow.

Immediately after tea I retired to my room, and after reading two hours as quietly as if on shore, undressed and retired. There was more roll to the ship than I had previously experienced, and the wind seemed freshening; but I thought nothing of it. But I soon found there was no sleeping. It soon blew a gale. The ship rolled and pitched to a degree that it was difficult to keep my berth. All the books and loose articles upon the table were thrown about in an alarming manner. At 11 o'clock I could bear it no longer. I rose, dressed hurriedly, and went out upon the deck. My room was on the lower deck, and I stepped on deck, where I found the sea a complete mass of foam, boiling and swelling like a cauldron. The gale was terrific. The steamer had broached to twice, and had really become unmanageable. Her head was towards the wind. The whole crew were engaged in strenuous but vain efforts to take in the sails. They were blown to ribbons. The foremast—we carried no mainmast—was wreathing and twisting like a young sapling. It was large enough for the mainmast of a 1,000 ton ship. The fury of the tempest was such that I could not stand before it a moment; but I seized the iron brace connecting the king bolts, and surveyed the scene for a moment. Then I threw myself on my hands and knees, and made for the nearest hatch to get below. This happened to be over the forward galley. Swinging myself down by the cabin, I reached the main deck. Here a scene of confusion indescribable and confounding presented itself. Four hundred soldiers were berthed on this deck, in double rows of stateroom berths, three tiers each. They had all crept from their berths, most of the staterooms had been broken and thrown down. The live stock, of which there was considerable, had escaped from their pens on the same deck, and soldiers, bullocks, calves, pigs, sheep and poultry, were all mingled together amid the broken staterooms. The steamer's guards had been carried away some time previously, and the sea washed over the deck with every roll of the ship. The lanterns were extinguished, and the darkness was almost total. I made an effort to reach the after cabin, but found it impossible. With my penknife I cut a leather belt from one of the soldier's knapsacks hanging around, and fastening it to a carline, made a secure place to hold on. I remained there towards an hour, the storm all the while increasing. About one o'clock the foremast came down almost over my head, crushing in the hurricane deck. I feared now that the deck would be swept clean of everything, and determined to seek refuge below. I went into the stateroom, but as they commenced battering down the hatch, with perhaps two hundred soldiers in it, I left, and went to the second cabin, occupied by the non-commissioned officers and their families. I was wet to the skin and chilled through. After waiting here for two hours, with no abatement in the fury of the gale, I crept into one of the soldier's berths, pulled a blanket over me, and after a while fell asleep. The first ray of dawn awoke me. I arose, and through the store-room and pantry succeeded in gaining the main saloon Saturday morning, the 24th, had at last dawned upon us, and this awful night had an end.

While passing between the second and after-cabin, I felt a tremendous sea strike the ship, but I had no idea of the awful consequences. It was the denouement—the finale of the awful tragedy which had been going on through the night. An overwhelming sea had struck the ship on her starboard quarter, carried away the starboard paddle box, both smoke stacks, the whole promenade deck above the paddle boxes, two rows of state rooms, of twelve each, on the main deck hatch. This was the smallest part of the havoc. At one fell swoop nearly one hundred and fifty human beings were swept into eternity. The majority were private soldiers of the different companies of the Third Artillery. Our company lost all but ten of its members. Four officers went with them:—Col. Washington, distinguished at Buena Vista and other hard fought fields; Maj. Taylor and wife; Capt. Field and Lieut. Smith. The sea was covered with drowning men. The roar of the tempest smothered the "bubbling cry of strong swimmers in their agony." In a few moments they sunk to rise no more till the sea gives up her dead. Two of all the crowd succeeded in regaining the ship—Mr. Rankin, an army sutler, and Mr. —, merchant, of Rio Janeiro.

A few moments had elapsed when I reached the saloon. It was filled with water to the depth of nearly two feet. The females and children, mostly in their night clothes, and wet to the skin, were scattered on planks; some wailing and sobbing; some apparently stupefied; and some calmly awaiting what seemed to be their inevitable fate. All supposed the last hour had arrived, and in a few moments they would meet their Maker face to face. Happily those who, in this awful moment, felt that their peace was made, and nothing left but calm resignation to their Maker's hand. But Death is the King of Terrors, and when he meets us in the midst of life, with our bones full of marrow and our limbs full of sap, human nature clings to life, and even the instinct of the dumb animal shrinks from death. The dream of poor Clarence came over me, and I thought—"Alas! it is a fearful thing to drown."

Another sea like that which struck us, and our fate had been that of the President—not a soul would have survived to tell the tale. But it pleased a merciful and all-wise Providence to say to the sea, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." It is proverbial that drowning men catch at straws, and instinctively did many of us lash ourselves to life preserves, though in the raging bellows of that angry sea, one would have been but little better dependence than the other.

After the first burst of dismay was over, hope began to revive in our bosoms. The hull was still staunch and strong and some passing vessel might rescue us from the wreck. Something whispered, "you are safe," and after committing myself and those most dear to me to the Father of Mercies, I felt at peace. Ascending the companion way, from the saloon to the main deck, I seated myself at the head of the staircase, and surveyed the scene. The steamer was, in all her upper works, a perfect wreck. Foremast, smoke stack, the greater part of the promenade deck, the saloon, and all the state rooms on the main deck—all were gone. The main deck was stove, and the water rushing in at every sea we shipped. On the opposite side of the companion way lay the mangled and bleeding corpse of a soldier, who was killed instantly by the falling of the deck. A few feet farther lay a man groaning and near death from injuries received at the same time. The sea was running mountains high, and every billow that came with its curling crest towards us, seemed about to pour into our shattered deck and sink us.

It was not so to be. We were in imminent danger of foundering; but our gallant and undaunted commander, Capt. Watkins, whose exertions during all that fearful night had been almost superhuman, directed all his energies to save us. To lighten the ship and stop the leaks were the first objects. To break up the hatches and commence discharging cargo, was the work of a moment. Soldiers and sailors all lent a helping hand, and as each man knew he worked for his life, all worked with a will. Stanchions were placed under the broken deck and in some places forced back to its place. It was found that the water gained upon us rapidly. The steam pump had become obstructed. Fifty soldiers were detailed to commence bailing. All day and all night the work went on without intermission. Still, with every roll the ship took in large quantities of water, and we gained little by the work. Sunday morning, the 25th, the day of the nativity of our blessed Saviour, at last dawned upon us. The sky lighted up a little; there was a short gleam of sunshine, and the sea calmed a little. A sail or two were seen in the distance, but none approached us. It was a gloomy Christmas to us. The work of bailing and pumping went on, and we had gained on the leak. Monday, the 26th, the gale continued with little abatement. All night Sunday the tempest roared round our devoted ship. The waves thundered against our sides and stern like cannon at the gates of a beleaguered city. Sleep was out of the question. For three nights we had had none. We discovered a sail not far off. On approaching us she proved to be a brig; we spoke her. She reported herself short of provisions, and after supplying herself with barrels of beef and pork we had thrown overboard she went on her way. On Sunday, the 27th, discovered another sail bearing down upon us. She proved to be the bark Kilby, of and for Boston, from New Orleans, loaded with cotton, thirty-five days out. By authority of Col. Gates, commanding the detachment, she was chartered for government to convey the troops to the nearest accessible port. On Tuesday was too rough to disembark any part of the commands, but on Wednesday, the 28th, Col. Gates and family, Maj. Merchant and family, Col. Burke, Captains Fremont and Judd, with their families, Drs. Satterlee and Wirtz, with some other whose names are not recollected, were safely embarked on board the Kilby. Some forty or fifty soldiers, and some soldier's wives, also embarked—12 all nearly one hundred persons. Night came on, and put a stop to any further operations. It had been agreed that the bark should lie by us till all on board the steamer were disembarked, but it came on to blow heavily in the night, and in the morning she had disappeared, and we saw her no more. Thus all the hopes of escape we based upon the Kilby were doomed to disappointment; and when, in the morning, we could trace no vestige of her on the remotest verge of the horizon, we experienced the sickness of heart from hope deferred.

Once more we were alone on the boundless expanse of waters. Our ship lay as helpless as a log upon the waves. She was completely crippled. Her engine, as should have been mentioned, broke down the first night of the storm; it was never of use afterwards, except to work the pumps. With infinite exertion, a small sail was rigged to the mizenmast, which assisted a little in steadying her; but she rolled and tumbled about at a fearful rate. We had succeeded in stopping some of the leaks, and in lightening the vessel to a considerable extent, by throwing over provisions and coal. The ship was also very much relieved by cutting off the timber of her guards, upon which the sea broke heavily, lifting her decks every time it broke.

We had now (Thursday, the 29th,) reached the sixth day since the storm commenced. We were about to encounter death in a new form. A very large portion of the ship's stowage had been filled with cargo, provisions, military stores, &c. The consequence was that the portion left for the soldiers, was much crowded. It had been expected we should soon be in fine weather, and that they could sleep

comfortably in stateroom berths on deck. When the storm came, that was impossible, and they were consequently driven below. Crowded in narrow quarters, exposed to cold and wet, obliged to be fed on an insufficient diet, in consequence of the loss of the galleys and the impossibility of cooking for such numbers, it is no matter of surprise that disease soon made its appearance. Add to this the influence of depressing passions, anxiety of mind, fright, and despondency, and it is no wonder that they sickened and died. The disease more nearly than anything assumed the form of Asiatic cholera—commencing with diarrhoea and terminating in a few hours. Both the army surgeons having left, the charge of the sick fell upon the surgeon of the ship. To add to our distress, nearly all the medicine in the ship had been either washed overboard or destroyed. The mortality was necessarily great. For several days it averaged ten deaths a day. Men, women and children fell indiscriminately before it, and whole families perished in twenty-four hours. It was a scene of awful suffering over which I should rather wish to draw a veil, and the like of which I trust a merciful God will spare me ever to witness again.

During Thursday and Friday our eyes were not gladdened by a single sail. The hours dragged on most heavily. We had abundance of provisions on board, but it was almost impossible to get them cooked. The roll of the ship was so heavy that the provisions were thrown from the galley. When we could get a cup of hot tea with our hard biscuit it was a treat; and when a roasted potato and piece of fried pork was added to our bill of fare it became a sumptuous repast. We attempted to issue tea to the soldiers once a day, but a sufficient quantity of hot water could not be procured, and we were compelled to abandon it. On their miserable fare of hard biscuit and cold water it was not to be wondered that the poor soldiers sickened and died.

During the night of Friday or the morning of Saturday the 31st, the cheering sound rang through the vessel that a ship was at hand. A light was discovered on the bow. We immediately commenced firing signal guns. They were answered by blue lights from the strange vessel. When the morning dawned we discovered a vessel with English colors. She attempted to come near enough to speak us, but the wind was so light as to render it quite impossible. We resorted to a kind of telegraphic communication, by writing on boards in chalk with large letters. We succeeded in making her understand our situation, which, indeed, was sufficiently obvious. She promised to lie by us. This intelligence cheered every heart. The weather during Saturday and Sunday was too rough to attempt to lower a boat. There was, too, another dilemma. The English ship had but one reliable boat, the longboat. We had none at all. Of the nine splendid boats with which we left New York not one remained. Captain Watkins, not to be overcome by any difficulty, commenced the construction of rafts. They seemed but a frail dependence and providentially they were not needed. Other means of relief were at hand. On Monday, the 2d of January, the sea calmed so much that towards evening the English ship lowered her yawl boat, and our second mate, Mr. Grattan, went on board of her.

On Tuesday, the 3d of January, our hearts were gladdened by another sail, under American colors. She came near enough to speak her, and we learned that she was the Antarctic, three days out from New York, bound for Liverpool. She had five good boats. And after enduring the agony of suspense for so many days it seemed that the hour of deliverance had at last arrived. With the aid of the Antarctic's boats we could all be conveyed on board the English ship, now ascertained to be the Three Bells, Captain Creighton, of Glasgow, bound for New York. The Bells had experienced much rough weather, and was leaky. On Tuesday evening we succeeded in putting a sergeant and file of soldiers on board to work the pumps. On Wednesday morning, the 4th of January, the work of disembarking commenced in earnest. The sick, of whom there was a large number, and some in a dying condition, were wrapped in blankets, brought on deck, and lowered carefully into the boats. Casks of water were lowered down, and towed on board the Bells. Bread and Bacon, and other provisions, were sent off. By evening much of the work had been accomplished. It was found necessary, however, in consequence of the shortages of provisions on board the Bells, to divide our numbers, between the two ships—Lieutenant Winder and Chandler, with about 140 soldiers, embarked on the Antarctic for Liverpool. Capt. Watkins also determined to accompany that portion of our number. Thursday morning, the 5th, rose upon us bright and beautiful. The sea was calm, the wind gentle. It is a day which will ever live in my memory. By noon the work of disembarking and re-embarking was complete. Every man, woman and child had left the ship. Mr. Captain was the last on board. He saw every officer, every sailor, every freeman, and every negro water, of whom there were forty or fifty, safely in the boats, then lowered himself down, and the boat pulled away. He was rowed alongside the Three Bells, where he was greeted with nine hearty cheers and then pulled away for the Antarctic. The San Francisco had, by his orders, been scuttled, and we could see her settling gradually deeper into the water.

About 2 P. M. the Three Bells hauled sail, and moved slowly away from the wreck. I stood on the deck and gazed at the ill-fated vessel with mingled emotions. She had been our prison house for fourteen anxious, agonizing days and nights. She was a gallant ship, and a stauncher hull was never launched, else she would have been our grave. She had ridden out in safety twelve or fourteen days of almost incessant storm. Now she lay stretched in all her vast length upon the deep, one hundred fathoms long, battered and mutilated, like some huge monster of the deep which in a contest with a deadly foe, had been conquered and slain. Farewell to you, ill-starred vessel. Receive your doom and sink down like lead into the mighty waters. The blackest chapter in my experience is comprised in those fourteen days I passed within your bosom. We found the Three Bells a snug, staunch vessel. Her cargo consisted in part of chloride of lime, which had to be thrown overboard, mostly to make room for the sailors between decks. The atmosphere of the ship was strongly impregnated with chloride gas, and its qualities as a disinfecting agent were strongly tested. It caused a good deal of irritation about the lungs and incessant coughing for the first day or two. The sickness began to abate almost immediately, owing, in part, to moral causes. The diet of the soldiers was mostly biscuit and water, as there was a scarcity of other provisions. They had occasionally a slice of fried bacon, and a ration of brandy was issued to them daily.

When the Three Bells left the wreck she was in latitude 39 and longitude 59 50,

about 600 miles from New York. I counted a great deal of no wind, and our progress was slow. Wednesday, the 11th of January, we were favored with a stiff breeze from the southeast, which drove us rapidly on Thursday afternoon we were in sight. Towards evening it grew the captain, fearing to venture stood off and on till morning.

About 11 o'clock Saturday the pocket ship Lucy Thompson, Liverpool for New York, was below us, her way against which was dead against her.

About four o'clock in the morning, Messrs. Howland & Aspinwall, the powerful steaming Trian to Thompson, in order to get her night, if at all possible. They furnished by the firm with a lot of warm clothing, both for the females, a quantity of blankets, of fresh provisions.

In addition, her master was to extend an invitation to all to proceed at once to the private each or any member of the firm and Aspinwall, and to come selves as at home there so unhappy circumstances required.

About 10 o'clock Saturday we are happy to say—the Titan to the city. She had boarded the Thompson, and brought to the one hundred officers, soldiers, and gers, which had been taken from by, leaving only four passengers. ten soldiers on board that latter having volunteered to remain in working the bark to the Lucy Thompson supplied her and provisions.

The majority of them were at the Astor House, and certainly are in a most deplorable condition. They were in a pitiable plight, cold, hungry, wet, and almost dead. In a few moments, however, the revive; kind faces smiled upon their hands ministered to their sister-voices comforted them. Refreshed by baths, and supplied garments by the ladies in the house. Messrs. Coleman & Stetson pre-joy over the movements of their, who seemed ready to anticipate wishes of their employers.

Mr. Melius, the mate of the cisco, states that she was not so he thinks that she must have been in less than 24 hours after she was oned. The following are the only names we have of those who were on the decks of the steamer on the first disaster:—Mr. Tenney, Stockwell, Miss Belton and Mr. Rankin and F. H. South. washed overboard at the same time gained the steamer, and are brought in by the Lucy Thompson. The following is a list of the U. S. as nearly as can be known from the companies:—Co. A, nine seven; Co. G, eighteen; Co. J, K, thirty-one; Co. L, seventeen. Co. B not fully made out. Total, five.

Respecting the deceased of the Army who were lost, the S. stated that Col. Washington, wife and children, understood in Alexandria. Major Taylor's children. Col. Smith was many years ago in New London, but remained at home on account of health. Major Taylor and Co. have for several years past been at New London.

Much reluctance was felt on the most of the officers to go to Cape Horn, in the manner described and a number of them, permission to go by way of the paying their own expenses.

Gen. Wool has arrived in New for the purpose of taken measure, place the men and officers lost the San Francisco, and to arrange re-embarkation.

The Secretary of War has sentious to Liverpool to furnish and all necessary articles to the and soldiers taken from the San F on their way there in the Antarctic.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—A fair been held in San Francisco, at which deuces have been exhibited of fertility and productiveness of California. The following are a few of the results mentioned:—Wheat, 75 bushels per acre; corn of various kinds, with an average yield of 100 bushels to the acre, 16 and high—of one description, raised of Sacramento river, Yolo county, were gathered, one middle of July or Oct. 14th; oats 10 to 9 inch barley, 24 bushels, soon to the acre 150 bushels; beets, from 17 to 65 onions, from 14 to 35 pounds; turn to 33 pounds; some pumpkins, 8 pounds, from 3 feet to 6 feet 3 inch circumference. Of the fruit specimens of Oregon pippins weighed 9 ounces, and pears 4 and grapes 3 to 5 pounds to the bush. learn from the report of the exhibitors, pomegranates, almonds, oranges, figs, cois, olives, tunas, and other tropical abound in their season in the south form.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—A Treaty. A despatch from New Orleans reports that Gen. Gadsden, the American minister, arrived there on 12th. Lombardini is dead, and Almonte has appointed his successor in the command of the army.

An important treaty has been concluded with Mexico, which gives to the States thirty nine millions acres of Mesilla Valley, for the sum of twenty million dollars, two millions of which served for paying claims, including Garay grant.

A HUMOROUS LEGAL INSTRUMENT. long since, the contents of a smuglatory and toy shop were seized, but afterwards relieved. A trust to secure the payment was not fully executed, and recorded at the Hall. A friend who had the pleasure of reading the document, informs us that of the items were duly set forth in the Five pounds of cash, assorted dozed soldiers, six dozen cats, four dogs, and two dozen with riders on seven dozen assorted babies.

Washington Spectator. The steamer Massachusetts wrecked off not far from seventy-five miles to New Bedford, free of charge, will past two weeks.

erred the "bubbling cry of strong swimmers in their agony." In a few moments they sunk to rise no more till the sea gives up her dead. Two of all the crowd succeeded in regaining the ship—Mr. Rankin, an army sutler, and Mr. —, merchant, of Rio Janeiro.

A few moments had elapsed when I reached the saloon. It was filled with water to the depth of nearly two feet. The females and children, mostly in their night clothes, and wet to the skin, were scattered on planks; some wailing and sobbing; some apparently stupefied; and some calmly awaiting what seemed to be their inevitable fate. All supposed the last hour had arrived,

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Steamship Baltic arrived at New York about 1 o'clock Thursday morning. She left Liverpool about 9 o'clock on Thursday, the 29th ult., and brings 64 passengers.

There is very little news to communicate, partly in consequence of the Christmas holidays.

The difficulty in the British Cabinet has been patched up, and Lord Palmerston retains his office of home secretary.

By a despatch dated Vienna, Wednesday evening, we learn that a Russian steamer had set two Turkish villages on fire by throwing red hot balls into them.

From Constantinople we receive advice that the peace project has been commenced, and that the Porte manifests a pacific disposition.

The combined fleets were still at Bricea. Accounts from Vienna of the 24th state that the Persians and Russians had opened direct communications, and that the Russian General Yermoloff commands the Persian forces.

There has been a violent tempest on the Black Sea. Eighty vessels are reported to be lost. The whole Russian fleet left Siroe after staying two days to repair.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 26.—The King has invited the diet, to nominate a small number of its members, possessing its entire confidence, to whom as a secret committee government may make important communications.

It is believed that the government wishes to bring some momentous facts connected with foreign affairs to the knowledge of the diet.

Bar. N. Dec. 24.—Negotiations are pending between Sweden and Denmark, having for its object a league offensive and defensive between the two States.

St. Petersburg.—The latest accounts received report that the only sign of anticipations of war noticeable in the state of trade was a rise in prices of some imported articles.

War has been officially declared against Turkey by Persia.

India and China.—The details of the news by the overland India and China mail are at hand. Bombay dates are to Nov. 25th. Dates from Shanghai are to the 2d November. There was no new feature to report in the war. Constant fighting continued, with but little result on either side.

A correspondent of the London Times says that the proceedings of the American commissioner and American vice consul as regards neutrality are considered somewhat equivocal, and the insurgent chief has addressed a letter on the subject.

The British consul has intimated that no more duties will be paid by British traders until the city is again under Tartar sway.

On the other hand Mr. Marshall insists on payment in silver, against which the American merchants have vehemently protested. Of the progress of the insurrection in the north we have no reliable accounts. Niugpo was quiet.

Amoy on Nov. 5th was expected to be speedily retaken by the Imperialists.

At Canton there was nothing new. The city remained quiet. Trade in imports was again languid, and the late improvements in yards and shiftings was not maintained. Exchange had fallen to 5-12 per dollar. The price of tea was maintained, and fine qualities were scarce.

At Shanghai shipments of tea were active. In imports there was but little doing.

Mr. Marshall was at Macao awaiting the arrival of his successor.

At Whampoa U. S. ships-of-war Macedonian, Mississippi, Powhatan, and Supply. At Macao steamship Southampton. At Cussingmoo the Vandalia.

The Europa, from Liverpool, arrived at New York Tuesday morning, bringing our files of English journals to the 31st of December, and Paris intelligence of the 29th. The aspect of affairs in the East remained almost unchanged from the day the Baltic sailed.

There is little news from France or England. Parliament had been further prorogued to the 31st of this month. An imperial decree of the French government makes important concessions to the cotton traders of England.

It was said that the Emperor of France had received a dispatch from Madrid, stating that Mr. Sule, Sen., had been killed in a second day at Madrid, but the report required confirmation.

London, Friday, Dec. 30, 1853.

England is making active preparations for a war with Russia—for even the best friends of peace now say that it must come to that. The massacre of Sinope, the attack upon Matchin—which is on the Turkish territory, and which was a flagrant breach of the promise made by Russia not to commence an aggressive war—have at last opened the eyes of the most blind.

The crossing of the Pruth on the 8th of July last, more than six months since, should have been regarded as an invasion; and had the combined fleets of England and France then entered the Dardanelles the present war, which next may inform us is a European one, might have been avoided.

During those six months Russia has not been idle. She has fortified herself strongly in the Principalities; she has had time to concentrate her troops and raised new ones her agents in Persia have induced the Shah of Persia to declare war to Turkey; and if we are to trust very credible sources she has positively organized an army in Central Asia of 200,000 horsemen of the Mongolian and Tartar tribes—men well armed, hardened to fatigue, and accustomed to traverse immense distances. This army is led against Khiva.

The English representative at the Court of Persia has been obliged to leave. The Persian army has been placed under the orders of a Russian general, and it is confidently rumored that Russia will attack England in her Indian possessions at the very commencement of hostilities.

There have been very bad storms in the Black Sea. No less than eighty trading vessels are said to have been lost. The weather may have retarded the entrance of the fleets, but next mail will doubtless announce the fact. The feeling in France is so strong for war with Russia that Louis Napoleon, even if so inclined, would find it hazardous to oppose it. In England the general feeling is equally strong.

From the Danube there is no news. The severe cold prevents any operations.

The reports of the war in Asia must be taken with great caution. Those that have been recently published came nearly all through a Russian, or what is the same, Austrian source. The accounts received today from Constantinople direct are much more favorable to the Turks.

A telegraphic despatch in the Times of yesterday states that a fresh ship, sent by the Russians to set fire to the combined fleet, had been stopped by the Turks near the Bosphorus. A private letter from Constantinople just received in town in a message confirms the despatch.

The ratification of the treaty between Russia and Persia was done at St. Petersburg, Dec. 18th. The Persians were daily expected to attack Bagdad. Turkey has formally accepted Persia's declaration of war.

XXXIII CONGRESS.—First Session.

WASHINGTON Jan. 16.

SENATE.—Mr. Pearce, of Md., offered a resolution for the appointment of a Joint Committee to express suitable thanks to the rescuers of the San Francisco passengers.

Adopted.

HOUSE.—Mr. Orr introduced a bill for the relief of the survivors of the army saved from the steamer San Francisco, which was referred to the committee on Military affairs.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.

SENATE.—Several Executive Communications were sent in.

Mr. Sumner presented a petition from New York, signed by men eminent in the walks of life, amongst whom are William and John Jay, and ex-senator Hale, praying that Congress would take the necessary steps to separate the general Government from all connection with slavery.

He said, as this subject belonged exclusively to none of the Standing Committees, he would move its reference into the proposition for a direct Committee came up. In the meantime it might lie on the table.

A bill for the relief of Ezra Williams was reported, taken up, and passed.

Mr. Walker reported a bill to relinquish to the State of Wisconsin lands reserved for salt springs therein. Taken up and passed.

A bill for the relief of John Fagan was reported and passed.

Mr. Hamilton, from the select committee on French possessions, reported a bill appropriating \$5,000,000 to pay those claims.

A letter was received from the Postmaster General, stating the causes of the failures of the Northern mails, and suggesting a remedy. Referred.

The bill providing for the extension of the preemption privilege to California was passed.

HOUSE.—The House concurred in the Senate's amendment to the resolution providing for the appointment of a joint committee to inquire and report, in what form the acknowledgment of Congress, and the gratitude of the Nation may be most appropriately expressed to those benevolent and courageous men, who were the means under Providence of rescuing from death so many citizens.

Mr. Florence offered resolutions expressing the heartfelt thanks of Congress to the rescuers and providing for medals to be presented to them. Referred.

The House went into committee and took up the deficiency bill.

Mr. Walsh, of New York, got the floor, and made a slashing attack on the administration and the New York Soft Shells.

After a very lengthy debate, which was participated in with much warmth by Messrs. Cutting, Walsh and Smith, the latter gentleman having the floor, gave way at 4 o'clock to a motion to adjourn, and without disposing of the subject the committee rose, and the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.

SENATE.—A resolution was adopted, directing an inquiry as to the expediency of increasing the fees and allowances to the United States judicial officers in the several States. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—The House adopted, this morning, the resolution to appoint a committee to consider and report on Mr. Ewing's amendment to the Constitution, altering the mode of voting for President and Vice President.

Mr. Bissell, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill for the relief of the United States troops who are sufferers by the recent disaster to the San Francisco. It provides that there shall be paid, under the direction of the President of the United States, to each officer, non-commissioned officer, musician or private, who, on the 21st of December, embarked at New York, under orders for California, in the steamer San Francisco, and was on board the vessel in the recent disasters, a sum equal in amount to pay and allowance for four months. If any such officer, non-commissioned officer, musician or private shall have died, before receiving this payment, his widow, if one survive him, and if not, then his children, if any, shall be paid a sum equal in amount to four months pay and allowance. Passed.

A bill making Quincy, Illinois, a port of delivery, was passed.

The House then took up and passed the bill making appropriations for the West Point Academy.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.

SENATE.—A resolution of inquiry was adopted as to the propriety of extending the law regulating pensions to widows of revolutionary soldiers, and to the widows of soldiers of the war of 1812.

HOUSE.—The committee on military affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of a military road from the Great Salt Lake to California.

The House went into committee on the resolutions referring the President's message. Mr. Kent of South Carolina, in reply to Mr. Cutting, occupying the time of the House until the adjournment.

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GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

PROVIDENCE Saturday Jan. 14.

SENATE.—Mr. Bradley, from the Judiciary Committee, introduced an act in amendment of an act in relation to Jurors, which was read and passed to a second reading, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Bradley also introduced an act in relation to the admissibility of parties interested in suits as witnesses, which was read, passed to a second reading, and ordered to be printed.

An act in relation to the examination of parties in civil actions, was also introduced by Mr. Bradley, which was read, passed to a second reading, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. T. T. Hazard introduced the following act in relation to the Old State Debt, viz:—

An Act to compromise the claims upon the State which are generally called the Old State Debt. Section 1. All claims against the State, under what is known by the name of the "Old State Debt," shall be paid to the several claimants. Provided, That all sums received by them shall be invested in stock of the Rhode Island and Mediterranean Iron Works and Mail Company Navigation Company Bank, as proposed by Doctor Gouraud.

Section 2. This subject being of great importance, it is enacted that the day of the hearing for the consideration of the same, and that Dr. John W. Richmond and Dr. J. B. Fawcett be invited to address the Senate: Provided, That they shall both speak at once, and not occupy the time of the Senate for more than six weeks, nor for more than ten hours in one day, according to law.

Read and upon motion of Mr. T. T. Hazard, laid upon the table.

Adjourned to Monday afternoon next.

HOUSE.—Petition of John Whipple, relative to bribery in elections. Read and on motion of Mr. Peck referred to a special Committee consisting of Messrs. Peck, Cranston, and J. H. Weedon.

Report of the Commissioner of Public Schools was received from the Senate and read. It recommends a revision of the general tax law as absolutely necessary to the peace of school districts; also an increase of the State appropriation and provisions for aiding the poorer and thinly populated districts. The report was ordered to be returned to the Senate, that body having ordered the printing of 1000 copies.

Mr. Whipple, of Coventry, gave notice of a bill proposing sundry amendments to the Constitution of the State.

Mr. Spencer, of Warwick, moved to adjourn till 10 o'clock on Monday morning. Carried, and the House adjourned.

PROVIDENCE Monday Jan. 16.

SENATE.—An act to allow the Town Clerk of Warwick to amend his return. Read and passed.

An act to revive and amend the charter of the Peasebald Bank. Read and passed.

Petition of Dorcas Green, guardian, for liberty to sell real estate. Read and concurred, with act to that effect.

Petition of Pawtucket Engine Corporation, for authority to assess a tax for lighting streets. Read, granted, and act passed.

Adjourned.

HOUSE.—The Speaker laid before the House a communication from the General Treasurer transmitting the papers and documents in his office in relation to the Registered State Debt, in compliance with a resolution of the House.

Mr. Potter, from the Committee on Finance, to which was referred the petition of the Kentish Artillery, for an appropriation, reported a resolution granting said company the sum of \$1000 for the purpose of erecting an armory; which was read and passed.

Mr. Potter, from the committee on Finance, to which was referred the petition of Peter Cooke, of Tiverton, for the remission of certain costs made an adverse report thereon; the report was adopted, and the petitioner had leave to withdraw.

Adjourned.

PROVIDENCE, Tuesday, Jan. 17.

SENATE.—An act to regulate the sale of spirituous liquors, was introduced by Mr. T. T. Hazard, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. This act provides that cities and towns may grant licenses for the sale of liquors in quantities not less than one quart, the party licensed giving bond that he will not allow any such liquor to be drunk on the premises where the same are vendued, that he will not sell to any person under the influence of intoxicating drinks, nor sell any liquor upon Sunday or after ten o'clock in the evening on any week day, nor keep for sale any liquor not pronounced pure by a Commissioner appointed for that purpose, nor give credit for any liquor sold. Hotels not to be limited in the quantity sold.

Mr. Potter, from the Committee on Finance, to which was referred the petition of Thomas Henry & Co., praying for the passage of an act conveying the petitioners a certain property now held by the Attorney General in trust for the State, made a favorable report thereon.

The acts in relation to jurors, and in relation to the admissibility of witnesses were passed to a second reading. Adj'd.

HOUSE.—The Committee on the Judiciary, to whom was referred the Report of the Railroad Commissioners, reported an act to regulate the transportation of passengers and freight on railroads in this State, and an act to regulate contracts between railroad companies, which were read and passed to a second reading and ordered to be printed.

Upon the petition of the Providence Marine Corps of Artillery, for an appropriation, a resolution was passed granting \$1,225 in aid of said company.

The resolution reported by the committee authorizing the Attorney General to transfer to the Messrs. Henry the property now held by them in trust, was read and passed.

The Committee on Corporations, reported an act repealing the charter of the Bank of New England in East Greenwich.

Mr. J. H. Weedon moved so to amend, as to declare the act null and void, which motion prevailed, and the act, as amended, passed. Adjourned.

PROVIDENCE Wednesday Jan. 18.

SENATE.—The petition of C. E. Champin, Guardian, for liberty to sell real estate, was granted and act passed for that purpose.

Petition of Ucal Woodman, Guardian, for liberty to sell real estate, read, granted and act passed.

An act in amendment of an act entitled an act in relation to jurors, was called up and after some discussion, read the third time and passed.

An act in relation to the admissibility of witnesses, was also called up and read the third time and passed.

An act in amendment of an act to provide additional revenue for the State, was reported from the Committee on Finance, and passed.

A resolution to extend the time for the completion of the map of the State, was read and passed. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—A resolution from the Senate, authorizing Ucal Woodman, of Tiverton, guardian, to sell and convey certain real estate, was read and passed in concurrence.

An act from the Senate, authorizing the Pawtucket Engine Corporation to assess taxes for the purpose of lighting the streets within the district of said incorporated company, was read and passed.

A resolution from the Senate, authorizing the town clerk of Warwick to the registry of voters in said town, was read and passed in concurrence.

The resolutions authorizing Alexander Cooke, of Tiverton, and Alice A. and Emily A. Arnold, of Cumberland, to sell and convey real estate; were read and passed.

The committee on the Judiciary, to which was referred the memorial of John Whipple, asking for additional legislation upon the subject of bribery in elections, reported in act imposing upon any persons offering to bribe an elector, a fine not exceeding \$500, three months imprisonment, and perpetual disfranchisement, in the discretion of the court; which was read, the report suspended, and the act passed to a second reading.

A resolution from the Senate, authorizing Christopher E. Champin, of New Shoreham, to sell and convey certain real estate, was read and concurred in, with an amendment. Adjourned.

PROVIDENCE Thursday Jan. 19.

SENATE.—The Committee on the Judiciary were discharged from the further consideration of the bills referred to them, proposing alterations in the law relating to the traffic in spirituous liquors.

A vote was passed in concurrence, declaring void the charter of the Bank of New England in East Greenwich. This morning was assigned for the consideration of the acts regulating the transportation of passengers and freight upon the various railroads in this State.

Petition of Alice A. and Emily B. Arnold, for liberty to sell real estate, was read and concurred in.

The Senate concurred in the amendment of the House upon the petition of Christopher E. Champin for liberty to convey certain real estate.

Petition of Alexander Cooke, guardian, for liberty to sell real estate; read and concurred in, with act to that effect.

Adjourned to Friday, at ten o'clock.

HOUSE.—Hon. Thomas Steere resigned his place as Speaker of the House. Mr. Steere has accepted the office of consul at Dundee, and will immediately depart to enter upon its duties.

Mr. Benjamin F. Thurston, of Providence, was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy.

The order of the day, the consideration of the Old State Debt, occupied nearly all of the morning and the whole of the afternoon session. Dr. Richmond was heard in favor of the claimants.

At market, 850 Beef Cattle, no Stores, 10 pairs of Working Oxen, 65 Cows and Calves, 1900 Sheep and Lambs, 260 Swine.

Prices.—Beef Cattle—Extra \$8; 1st quality \$7.50; 2d do \$7; 3d do \$6.50 to \$6.75, ordinary \$5.75 to \$6.

Working Oxen—\$100, 120 to 140. Cows and Calves—\$15, 20, 24, 26, 28, 31. Sheep and Lambs—\$2, 2.75, 3.40. Extra \$5, \$5.50, 7.50, 8, 9.

Swine—\$4; retail a 5¢. Remarks.—The market to-day is very brisk, and the demand greater than the supply. Prices have advanced. The going is very bad for driving stock.

New Bedford Oil Market.

Steam.—The market has been more active, with a fair demand, and prices are accordingly, tend upwards. We notice the sale of a cargo of 950 bbls, not refilled, supposed at 131 cts; 145 bbls do, at 131 cts; 400 bbls refilled, and extra promotion head, at 129 cts; and 54 bbls inferior, at a price not transcribed.

Swallow.—This is some inquiry, but the transactions have been light. We have only to report sales of 330 bbls at 65 cts; and 400 bbls in Fair Haven, at a price not transcribed.

Wallerbone.—We notice a sale since our last at 22.00 lbs at 42 cts per lb.

New York Grain Market.

A good demand for Wheat improving prices, the stock of prime is much diminished, the sale is prime Genesee at \$2.25; do red Southern at \$2.10. Rye is very scarce, large lots are wanted for export; sales of ordinary Rye at \$1.23; and small lots at \$1.25. Corn is more plenty and sold at lower, but did not offer very freely; sales at 85¢ a 74¢ for new, damp, Rye; 91¢ a 90¢ for new white and yellow Southern; 91¢ a 92¢ for old mixed Western, and 94¢ for old round yellow.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY, 1854.

21 SATURDAY, 7 24 50 morn. 0 50

22 SUNDAY, 7 23 51 0 43 1 27

23 MONDAY, 7 23 53 1 67 2 38

24 TUESDAY, 7 23 54 2 12 2 33

25 WEDNESDAY, 7 23 55 2 29 2 33

26 THURSDAY, 7 21 56 5 40 6 27

27 FRIDAY, 7 19 58 6 43 6 32

MOON'S 31 q. 21st day, 8th hour, 39m evening

SPECIAL NOTICES

Holloway's Ointment and Pills, the best Remedies for the Cure of Bad Legs.—Mrs. Heppel, of Blyth, near Morpeth, was afflicted with a dreadfully bad leg, for which she consulted the most eminent medical men in that neighborhood, but it would not yield to their treatment. Her health suffered severely, and the state of her leg was terrible; the ulcers rapidly increased in size, and the pain was most agonizing. In this state she commenced using Holloway's Ointment and Pills, and after continuing them for some short time the leg was completely cured, and she is now in the enjoyment of excellent health. Mr. Wilkinson, druggist, Blyth, vouches for the accuracy of this statement.

Christmas has come and gone, New Year's will not come round again for another year; but disease is with us all ways. The most skillful medical men now advise that a package of Graefenberg's family medicines be kept in every house, as the best method of warding off the approach of sickness. They are so reliable, and the directions are plain and simple that it is to be hoped the advice will be followed. A full assortment is to be found at all times at the store of HAZARD & CASWELL, where the public are invited to call and examine for themselves.

POISONING.

Thousands of Parents who use Vermifuge compound of Castor oil, Calomel, &c., are not aware, that while they appear to benefit the patient they are actually laying the foundations for a series of diseases, such as salivation, loss of sight, weakness of limbs, &c.

In searching for a cure we found the advertisement of Hohenbeck's Medicines, to which we ask the attention of all directly interested in their own as well as their children's health. In Liver complaints and all disorders arising from those of a bilious type, should make use of the only genuine medicine, Hohenbeck's Liver Pills.

MARRIED.

In this city 12th inst., by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. P. MASON PECKHAM of Middletown to Miss Mary D. DAUGHTER of Mr. John Tucker of South Kings town.

In New York 10th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Hawks BENJAMIN J. CARROLL, Pastor of U. S. Navy, to CHARLES A. daughter of Jacob Wilcox, Esq., of New Orleans.

In Warren 12th inst., HENRY C. PECK, of Providence, to Miss Abby E. daughter of Capt. C. Carr, of Warren, 10th inst.

In Providence, Mr. MINORAS HOWSON to Miss MARY PARSONS, both of P.

In Providence, 13th inst., MARTIN V. B. DALLING, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to ALICE T. WHITEHEAD, of P.; 14th, Mr. JOHN ANDERSON to Mrs. ANNE W. BURNS, both of P.

DEATH.

In this city 14th inst., Miss HANNAH, wife of Deacon Benjamin Smith, aged 66 years; For more than 47 years a worthy member of the First Baptist Church in this city.

In Pawtucket, 5th inst., JETHRO F. MITCHELL, of Middletown, R. I., aged nearly 75 years, an esteemed Elder of the Society of Friends.

In New Bedford, 11th inst., MRS. NANCY CLARKE, wife of the late Benjamin Clark, of this city, aged 70 years.

In New Bedford, 9th inst., Mr. JOSHUA CONNELL, son of the late Simon Coggeshall, of Portsmouth, in the 42d year of his age.

In Warren 10th inst., Mr. GEORGE HOAR, formerly of Warren, aged about 60 years.

In Warren 8th inst., Mrs. REBECCA MANTON, wife of Capt. Stephen Manton, aged 76 years.

New England Truss Manufacturing

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.
MANUFACTURER OF
RATCHET AND SPIRAL TRUSSES.
533 Washington Street, 533.
BOSTON.

ALL the various approved trusses constantly on hand for sale. Ladies waited on by Mrs. CARLINE D. FOSTER, who has had twenty years experience in the business.

Stranger, in the city will please take notice that all nations and all even numbers are on opposite sides of the street, it being 516 opposite the subscriber's residence 535, where he will keep a full supply of Ready Made Trusses, for Gentlemen and Ladies, Youngs and Infants. Abdominal Support, of five or six different kinds, and such

Mr. Foster, a long while place.

The following are certificates from Dr. John Warren of Boston, was given 16 years since, I will list for ever;

Beacon, January 7, 1835

Having had occasion to observe that some persons afflicted with leprosy, have suffered in from the want of a skilful workman in accompanying. True to the peculiarities of their case I have taken pains to inform myself of the competency of Mr. J. P. Foster, to supply the deficiency occasioned by the death of Mr. Beath

After some months of observation of him, we were acquainted with the manufacture of these instruments, and anxious in accommodating them to the variety of cases which occur. I feel called upon to recommend him to my professional brethren, and to the public as a person well fitted to supply their wants in regard to these important instruments.

JOHN C. WARREN M. D. Boston.

CERTIFICATE.—The following certificate is from Professor Stuart, of Andover Theological Seminary:

The undersigned having occasion to employ Mr. J. Frederick Foster, of Boston, in making and adjusting Trusses for the relief of Hemorrhoids, and feeling that he was under the greatest pleasure in recommending him to the favorable notice, of such persons as may be afflicted with that and similar complaints. Mr. Foster

The numerous testimonials which he has
 received, together with the recommendations of
 eminent Surgeon, Dr J Warren, as a suffi-
 cient guaranty for all who may favor M.F. that his
 instrument will give entire satisfaction, and be-
 satisfy all reasonable demands for an equi-
 compensation. M. STUART
 Dover, May 4, 1848.
 The above Trusses are for sale in Newport
 R.J. TAYLOR. Sept. 24-ly

**DR. TERRELL'S
HEALING OINTMENT.**

IS doing more to alleviate human suffering than all other Medicines of the kind in this Country, put together. **It is Safe, Sure, Pleasant REMEDY, and contains no poison.**

— It cures **ALL** the following:

Salt Rheum it completely cures 99 cases in and greatly alleviates all, not excepting more than 1 in 1000.

Chilblains—99 in 100, Sore Lips—every 1 Common sore in 100, Inflammation of the Br Chapped Hands—never Safe, Sore Nipples—quick Burns—can be beat Breaking out and Sore or Wound—good for Children, and Fire or Scald—good for the Sick.

N. B. I can fill a newspaper *full* of cures, but think it useless. For there are thousands of *living witnesses* in the country who have already tested the *virtue* of my Ointment, and their tongues will not cease to proclaim the ben-
efits they have received, until they have told the tale far and wide throughout the whole land.

Prepared and sold by MURRO TERREL
Nauvattuck, Co.
Wholesale Dept.—C. V. Clickner & Co., N.
Barclay street, New York, Agents.
Hazard & Caswell, and R. J. Taylor, agents
Newport.
And sold by some Druggist or Merchant in
ry town and village in the State.
Dec 8, 1853.

NEW BOOKS.
 See also, *Bards of the Nation*, illustrated.
 "O' Caladonia, stern and wild,
 Make verse for a poetic child."
 Price \$3.00.
Passion Flowers, a book of poems.
Poems of Southey, Hemans, Hewitt, Byron, Mrs Welby, Milton, Keats, Goldsmith, Whittier, &c., in very rich bindings.
Sevens, Field book, of the revolution, \$8.
Teston, by Philip James Bailey, elegantly illustrated, \$5.
Our Savior, with Prophets, Apostles, etc.
D Wamwright, \$7.
 The same, *Paper Maché* inlaid, \$12.
 Dr Alken's edition of *British Poets*, illustrated elegantly bound, \$3.
 Dr Alken's edition of *British Poets*, illustrated elegantly bound, \$3.

Scenes in the lives of the Apostles, &c.
Scenes in the lives of the Patriarchs
Prophets, &c.
Women of Scriptures, \$3.50.
Book of the Home Circle, \$3 50. Que-
Wise, Wide World, &c., in gilt bindings.
A variety of Annals, &c., juveniles and toy bo-
forming the largest assortment the subscriber
offered, for sale by
WM. H. PEEK,
99 Thames
TIMELY HINTS TO ALL.

How many have lost a father, a mother, a sister, a brother, or an innocent little prattling child—and have not even the shadow of a remembrance to look upon. After the separation of a little toy or a trifling article of apparel, often kept for years, and cherished as a token of remembrance how much more valuable would be the shadow of a friend's perfect Daguerreotype! The features of the friend are so dear to the heart.

There is scarcely any one who does not take pleasure in gazing on the features of a friend when that friend has been removed by death, and often hear the exclamation, uttered with an expression of deep regret, "Oh, what would I give for such a picture of my friend!"

Reader, perhaps you cannot do a better thing now, while your mind is upon the subject, than

Take an hour or two, and go by yourself, or your family, or your friends, and visit the artist in our town; and if not now, you may some future period have reason to feel grateful for these "gentle hints" from

J. A. WILLIAMS,
Oct. 26, 1850. Daquerreotype A

Newport Water Cure.
HIS ESTABLISHMENT, situated on

TERMS—For treatment per bed and board \$1.00 per week; for treatment alone, from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per week, both to be paid weekly. For consultation and prescriptions from \$3.00 to \$5.00. For single visits \$1.00, deductions being made where a number of visits are required.

per of visits are necessary, and also according to the circumstances of patients. The poor treated without any charge.

Newport, May 14, 1853. DR. W. F. REE

Court of Probate Newport, January, 2d 185
CHRISTOPHER G. PERRY, administrator
with the will annexed on the estate of
HON WILLIAM HUNTER,
late of Newport deceased, presents his 3d

count on said estate for allowance, the same received and referred for consideration to a Court of Probate to be holden at the City Clerk's of Newport, on Monday the 30th January inst., 10 o'clock A. M. notice is ordered to be given thereof for three successive weeks in the Newport Mercury. B. B. HOWLAND *Prob. Clk.*
Jan 7, 1854

Blankets and Counterpanes.
ENGLISH and French Blankets and English and American Counterpanes of all sizes and qualities, for sale low by
 F. LAWTON & BROTHERS,
 April 30. 74 Thames street.

NOTICE.
THE SUBSCRIBER has made arrangements to furnish Plumbing in all its Branches.
 N. W. MARSH.

April 23. 120 Thames Street

ELEGANT EMBROIDERIES.

A beautiful style of New French Embroidery, such as Chemizetts, Collars, Sleeves, &c. Also, Cambrie and Muslin Edgings and settings, in every variety and width, just opened and for sale by WM. C. COZZENS & CO
June 4.

Unbleached, Bleached and colored Jacqu
Diaper for table covers, at
Dec 3 *LANGLEY & NORMAN'S*